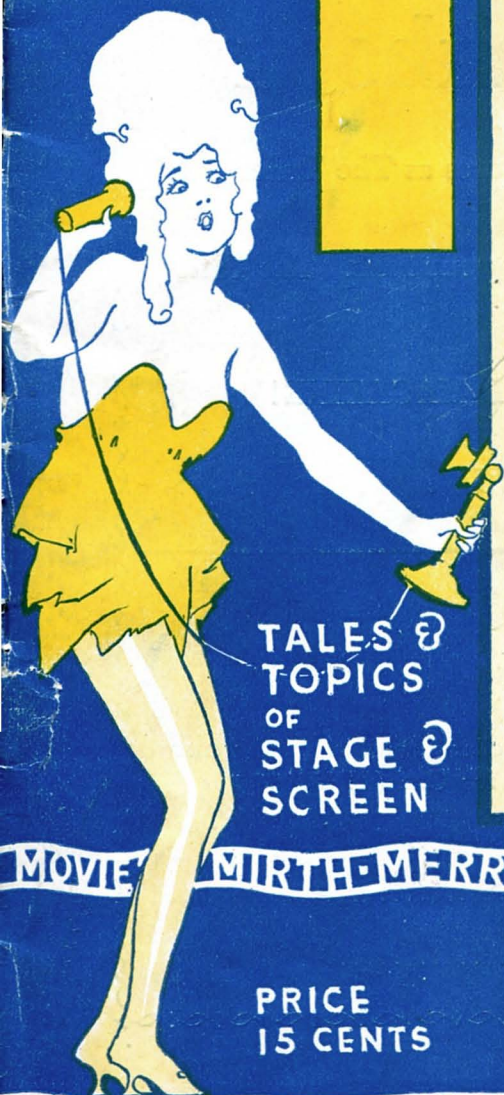


# THE TATLER

JANUARY 1921

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TOPICS  
OF  
STAGE &  
SCREEN



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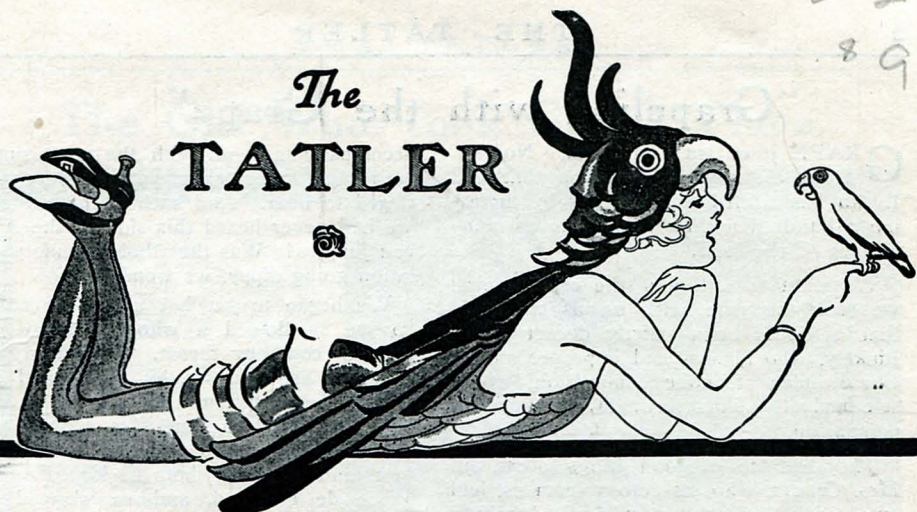
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# The TATLER



VOL. II

JANUARY, 1921

NO. 12

## Wishing You a Snappy New Year

**A** NEW YEAR'S EVE TOAST: Backward, turn backward oh Time, in thy flight. Give us the Mumm's again just for tonight.

—  
If the styles keep on growing more extreme we will not be able to call the girls "skirts" any more.

—  
The little things in life worry men most—for instance, the little widows.

—  
One swallow doesn't make a summer but it would brighten up a Broadway winter quite a bit.

—  
The highest form of gratitude has just been exhibited by a New Yorker. When he died, it was found that he had left \$100,000 to a woman who had refused to marry him.

—  
An optimist is a woman who believes that her husband's pretty stenographer lives in a hall-room and gets along on her meager salary.

—  
It is to be presumed that the Duke of Marlborough will be allowed to keep his maiden name.

—  
Woman has been elected to Congress from Oklahoma. Nothing strange. There have been a lot of old women in Congress for some time.

—  
James M. Cox will go to Europe to study conditions there. He learned about conditions in America on November 2.

—  
It is said there are no more goats roaming the heights of Harlem. But there are plenty around the Times Square district.

—  
Oriental harems are being cut down. In other words they are now bobbed harems.

—  
I have just observed a movie sign up-town reading "On Account of A Woman and Fatty Arbuckle."

—  
There is no use in arguing with a woman and, anyhow, she doesn't give you a chance.



## "Grappling with the Grape"

GRAPE juice isn't half bad. No, sir. Don't let any one tell you that Bill Bryan has ruined this country by thrusting a hundred million noses into as many glasses of the stuff.

We went to a dinner the other night; we took the wife with us, as we knew that it would be a strictly decent affair. Blakely, who always told improper stories when under alcoholic compulsion, would be effectively muffled through lack of proper persuasion.

They had lots of good things to eat, but Mrs. Cruger, who sat across from us, had on a new Paris gown from Mme. Murphy's, and we couldn't see what we were eating. But somebody poured some sort of red, sparkling liquid into our glass, and then our eyes just naturally followed the nose and we gasped a welcome to the unexpected stranger.

"Don't be startled," said our hostess, "it's only grape juice."

We hadn't been startled—simply overjoyed. Now we became depressed. But we have never yet refused a hurdle any one else can take, so we smiled, swore we loved the unfermented juice of the luscious grape, and took a careful sip. It was palatable, at least, so we gurgled with it a few times and allowed our glass to be refilled.

The wife seemed to like it also, and even out-paced us on the second lap. Then we noticed the wife acting strangely. She had an olive on her plate, and she was slicing off the edges and chasing it around the plate trying to spear it on a fork. At each flop of the stone she giggled like a dodo, and when the hide had been pretty well stripped off the fruit, she corraled the whole mess to one side, smothered it with sugar, and then drowned it with cream.

We didn't follow further to see if the conglomeration would take the throat route, for we saw Mrs. Blakely trying to plant a stalk of celery in a hole she was digging in her grape juice with a finger,

accompanying it all with the most simple smirking and giggling we ever were privileged to hear. And such a chattering as we had never heard this side of the African jungles! Was the whole female population going dippy, we wondered?

We began to get hot under the collar, so we swallowed a whole glass of the juice to cool our throat. Right away we began to see things a bit dimly, and Jim Blakely began to shout the tale of his visit to Paris, at which time Mrs. Blakely was not with him. And when he told of the first mademoiselle whom he kissed on the Place de Concord, and we slapped the wife on the back and yelled "Bravo!"—then we knew we were drunk, and on grape juice at that.

We got a glimpse of a very pretty maid through the kitchen door, and we went out to greet her with a fatherly kiss. While the ceremony was going on we noticed several familiar-looking bottles under the sink, and we dropped a perfectly good hug overboard and went to investigate. There were several grape juice bottles there, all right, but the ones we remembered so well had pretty black labels with gold letters and smelled like the Cafe du Paix on armistice night. By this time we couldn't see exactly what the wording on the labels was, and anyway the wife had discovered our absence and was leading us back to the bedlam by a protesting ear.

A taxi got us and the wife home at three a. m., after we had tried three other addresses we had given the driver. Each address had a telephone number and some pink or blue chiffon to match, but we failed to mention such trifles to the wife. We tipped the chauffeur all our remaining change, and woke up the neighborhood trying to make our cigar clipper open the front door.

\* \* \*

As we said before, grape juice isn't half bad.

---

Somebody has said that the short skirts are great for getting up stares.

---

Man comes into the world naked—with nothing on him. Before long nearly everybody has something on him.



## The Girl Who Took Gaby's Place

When Gaby Deslys went back to Paris she took along Harry Pilcer, her dancing partner. She set him up in a well known cafe there and Harry made a lot of money. Meanwhile they continued their public appearances. Then poor Gaby died. Not long after her will was read, Harry formed a partnership with Mlle. Simone Dherlys (not Deslys) a not overly dressed but the most sensational dancer in Paris, and Gaby's only rival. With the money he made on Gaby's investment Harry is producing his own daring revue, "Paris Qui Jazz," featuring Mlle Dherlys—and himself.





## THE TATLER

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## The 1920-Model Elopement

IN the old days, if you remember, when Henry Horsecollar placed a ladder up to the bedroom window of Miss Amethyst Dingwhizzle, a prominent member of the younger society set and daughter of old Bilius Dingwhizzle and lowered her and her patent leather suit-case to the ground and escaped in a livery rig, there was a terrible commotion and high society was rocked to its foundation.

Old Man Dingwhizzle was awakened by the noise, hitched up the old mare and gave chase. Marriage licenses were not necessary in those days and it was easy to get the nearest preacher out of bed and into his dressing gown and, using the minister's wife and hired girl for witnesses, the ceremony could be performed with neatness and dispatch. The Old Man always arrived three seconds after the fateful words had been spoken and yelled: "Stop whar ye be, parson. I forbid the banns."

Then the young married couple were ostracized for seven years from the parental home and were not taken back into the Old Man's confidence until he had an extra sharp attack of rheumatiz and thought he was going to die. An elopement in those days was a scandal. But that was some time ago.

Nowadays the young gentleman drives up to the house in an automobile and the young lady goes down the front stairs and makes a good deal of noise and then runs back to her room after a few things she has forgotten. The automobile is chugging outside and the groom-to-be even blows the horn, in his impatience. Some even elope in Fords which does away with any form of secrecy. Any couple who elope in a Ford have nothing to conceal from the world.

While this is going on the Old Man is wide awake but he doesn't make any show of getting out of bed. When the automobile has snorted away down the road, he breathes a sigh of relief and turns over and goes to sleep, the first good night's sleep he has had since his daughter grew up and got into society.

The next morning he received a telegram telling of the marriage and immediately responds: "Bless you, my children."

It costs something to keep a daughter these days.

## SEEN ON BROADWAY

A NINE-YEAR-OLD girl with skirts almost as short as a twenty-nine-year-old one.

A man walking with his own wife.

A woman walking with her own husband.

A man selling the Matrimonial News and a woman selling the Birth Control Review. Competition or cooperation—which?

An actor out of a job.

Another actor out of a job.

A whole bunch of actors out of jobs.

A man demonstrating a new self-tying tie in a show window.

Five hundred people watching him.

A man minding his own business.

Nobody watching him.

The Scotch are verra, verra fond of Prohibition when it is in some other country.



# "I Hear—"

## Intimate Bits About People You Know, Have Seen or Have Heard About

By THE TATLER

HAVE you heard the tale of the suffragette who changed her mind? It seems that the feminist is like any other female person under her skin. The colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady persist in maintaining their likeness.

The heroine once led the suffrage parade up Fifth Avenue. A glorious figure of a woman!

This story is as full of action as a movie, as thrilling as any serial ever put forth by the fecund brain of David Wark Griffith. The heroine is young and beautiful. Helleu declared she was the most beautiful woman in America—of her set. There were other beauties of other sets upon whom he stamped the mark of distinction.

This one had position. Her husband, being of high banking circles, brought her wealth. She had talent. She lived in a studio life and wrote a book or two that were ranked as good, and a multitude of plays that were rated below zero. Also she had children, two of them, to whom she transmitted some of her own beauty and capricious nature.

All went well enough until, at a summer resort, she met a young and famous actor. The actor was of robust talent and delicate physique. (He isn't playing this season.) They found many topics to moon about. She was stage mad. He was beauty mad. They told each other their secrets. Neither was completely happy. Who is? But they were daring souls, a superman and a superwoman, or so they thought. Other and ordinary folk might bear their crosses in the form of a husband or wife, but not they.

The woman divorced her husband, so quietly that no one save the family is quite sure how she contrived it. A few weeks later she wedded the actor. They set off on a honeymoon tour of the mountains, they said, though their honeymoon was spent, in what is now the fashion, in more or less public manner, among relatives at the seashore resort where they had met.

The wedding occurred in the early summer. No report of casualties came from the summer resort. But when they removed to town, reports of strife reverberated along Broadway, which was his environment, and Fifth Avenue, which was hers.

Although of an exclusive set she herself is not exclusive as to her troubles with the genius or semigenius she married.

"Look at that!" She bares a graceful arm revealing purple spots to the saleswomen. "He beats me."

She telephoned her former husband, "Come down and take me away from this creature."

Came the answer in even, business-like tones: "I have no interest in you nor the man you have married."

"But—I am to become a mother."

In the same even tones: "I am not interested in his child." He rang off. Kismet. Likewise retribution.

---

*I would rather see a woman who paints than one who talks about her neighbors.*

---

She is very beautiful. Her beauty is such that she has been called "Venus." But just now the street of ten thousand lights calls her "Dolores, the Lady of Sorrows."

For she tried to kill herself for a man.

There had been a brief and hectic romance. But she is not of the easy, placid temper that makes a love affair as smooth as a summer sea. She is fierce of temper, and exacting in her demands for time, and tenderness, and revenue. He wearied of repeated and tumultuous scenes. He bade her farewell. Her manner of saying farewell was to go to his apartment and try to kill herself. She swallowed poison, the effects of which are slow and tortuous. When after the use of stomach pumps and other and unromantic checks to self-murder she recovered, he sailed for Europe, refusing her prayers to take her with him.

She writes for tickets for the first nights at his theatres and receives them. But they do not meet. And her face, that if happy would be lovely, looks on these occasions like that of a fiend in torment. The man looks sick with disgust.

The moral is: Keep your heart concealed far, far up your sleeve.

---

*I never repeat risque stories. I can't remember them.*

(Continued on next page)



(Continued from page 5)

Weird are the ways of maids with some men. There are men whom women never can "see." There are others whom all women see and with whom any woman is more than ready to fall in love.

A charming girl is wearing the willow for one of these, a man already thrice married. She and the last claimant for his affections met in a hotel foyer. He brought about the meeting and introduced them. Then he went out for ginger ale and let them talk about him.

"I love him," said the blonde.

"So do I," said the brunette.

"He told me he loved me and wanted to marry me."

"That's what he told me."

"But, I've spent money on him. I've spent all the money I had to cure him of the drug habit and put him back into business."

"I would have done as much or more, only I haven't any money."

They looked long at each other. While they were exchanging the burning, tigress glances the cause of them walked in.

"It's true. She has been loyal to me. She has stood by me when all others failed." He looked at the brunette. "Do you want me to play square or to be a rotter?"

The brunette's lip quivered. "I don't want you to be a rotter," she said.

"All right." He offered his arm to the blonde. "Let us go."

The brunette, wiping her eyes, levelled her farewell shot.

"I'm nineteen. You're thirty. You've eleven years the start of me. But I'll get him yet."

D. W. Griffith said in a recent magazine article that the public has the intelligence of a 9-year-old child.

Is that why so many go to see his pictures?

Harrison Grey Fiske, clad in pajamas, was dozing over a book at 1:30 a. m. the other morning at his home in Eleventh street. The telephone rang. "Hello, this is Zoe Akins," came the excited voice of the author of "Declasse" over the wire. "I'm up in Emily Steven's apartment in West 67th street. Come up right away! Something terrible is happening!" With visions of robbery and fire, Mr. Fiske jumped into his clothes and into a taxi. Arriving on the scene, breathless and without a collar, he found—well, one of Miss

Steven's servants had got hold of a bottle of the actress's private stock, and had barricaded herself in the kitchen, where she was having a glorious time.

Time paints strange contrasting pictures. It paints one of a beautiful Broadway star. A decade or so ago she was the wife of a millionaire who owned two large and popular amusement places. She had a town house, a summer home, a yacht. She owned nine fur coats ranging from ermine to sable and a hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewels. Came differences and divorce. She next wed a handsome young actor who preferred the leisure of the lily and lived chiefly on her earnings. He, too, has been shorn from her scheme of things. Now, prematurely old, broken in health, she has retired with her son and her newest husband, an ex-officer in the engineer corps. to an upstate farm.

Yes, they speak of her sometimes, but not often—the street has a short memory.

*An Englishman recently lost his life going over Niagara Falls in a barrel. Now for an American who will sing 'Wearing of the Green' on the streets of London.*

Strange are the moods and ways of dancers.

One whose fame was greater than that of any ball-room dancer of this or any other time used to assert that her ambition was to retire from the waxed floor to her girlhood home on Long Island Sound and rear a family. Years passed. The young woman's first husband died. She married again, by the second marriage acquiring wealth and a magnificent upstate home. But although her life is beautifully staged for maternity the object of her one time ambition has not been achieved. Instead we hear of her search for a "boy to dance with in London." Not a word about the joys of the quiet life, not a syllable about her husband, not a letter even about the baby that might have been, but isn't.

Then there is another young dancer, younger and of much grace and exceeding vogue. She made an essay into motion pictures, to the distress and humor of her directors. One picture sufficed. "I don't like the life nor the work. They are not artistic," she said, and tore her contract to bits. There's a suit for breach of con-

(Continued on page 8)



# "Here's Looking at You"



THE TATLER

Betty Hill of "Honeydew" looks into the circle and sees dainty Mlle. Marguerite looking at her



(Continued from page 6)

tract. The dancer shrugs her graceful, swaying shoulders. Alas! illnesses, physician's unconsidered prescriptions,—and this beautiful, graceful young creature, lovely as a dew drenched June rose, is pacing the erratic way of the drug addict.

Along the Rialto it is whispered with regretful sympathy that, given a few more years, her story will be written in the terms of tragedy.

There is always a reason for what theatrical producers do. When Al Woods put a young player named Neil Martin, now appearing in "The Charm School," under contract, someone asked him why he did it. "Because," said Woods, "he's one of the few actors on Broadway who looks as if he didn't know that babies weren't left by the milkman."

Theda Bara, according to rumors, will soon vamp her last vamp and retire from the screen forever. Perhaps she will establish a private school for gold diggers.

"Mike" is the unromantic name of Emily Steven's pekingese. "Mike" has a passion for liver and bacon, but once not long ago, he overdid the thing and had a regular old-fashioned stomach-ache. His mistress, it is reported, not knowing exactly what to do, sprinkled "Mike" with rose petals. But "Mike" recovered, in spite of it.

A former New York chorus girl, married to a man of title, was asked how she liked being a duchess, or whatever it was. "Well," she confessed, "I'm not crazy about it. The pleasure is only momentary, and the position is ridiculous."

## A Rubaiyat of Gotham

A THOUSAND skirts, knee-length, a chatter gay,  
A thousand idling actors, now passe,  
Electric lights and taxis, orange drink  
And that's Broadway.

Where motion picture heroines all thrive,  
And millionaires elect to stay alive,  
Apartments, pug-dogs, limousines and bunk  
And that's The Drive.

A Cupid's arrow speeding to its mark,  
A kiss, a fond embrace, and in the dark  
A taxi, with blind driver, chugging slow,  
That's Central Park.

A thousand bend before financial squall,  
Another thousand rising while they fall,  
Bum tips and ticker tape and suicides,  
That's Broad and Wall.

A thousand shops that millionaires may view,  
And boarded mansions of a somber hue,  
A thousand arms around waists on the bus—  
Fifth Avenue.

Bleak table cloths and coffee grounds and swillage,  
Where cranks and poets do the Muses pillage,  
Bobbed hair and paint, verse libre and pollywoppus  
And that's The Village.

A score of races, shacks both old and bare,  
Street lights that flicker dimly here and there,  
Bums, roustabouts and Chinks, sightseeing bus,  
That's Chatham Square.

A thousand picture shows and honky-tonks,  
The Concourse where the festive auto honks,  
And from a cocktail it derived its name,  
Yea, bo! The Bronx!



# Doris Green, in the "Greenwich Follies"



Photo by Old Masters



## Looking Back Over 1920

**JANUARY:** Prohibition went into effect and after the 16th of that month it was impossible to get a drink in any saloon in New York if the bartender didn't know you. Since then 5,672 vanloads of liquor has been confiscated, valued at \$4,567,495.

Erasmus T. Dingwhizzle, who invented the ball-bearing suspenders, died in Iowa, loved by all who knew him and admired by all who used his invention, including male shimmy dancers and hod carriers.

**FEBRUARY:** The attorney-general's department at Washington began reducing the cost of living with such excellent results that the cost of living has only advanced slightly since.

Broadway manager began painting chorus girls' legs instead of giving them tights to wear. The painters' union hasn't gone on strike since.

**MARCH:** Only 46,782 vanloads of liquor confiscated this month and it began to look as though the supply were running out.

Miss Trixie de Vere had her apartment burglarized of all her gems for the first time this season. Her press agent got this story in one paper while the editor was out to lunch.

Lenine and Trotzky each shot twice this month and only once mortally but both recovered. It was a dull month for them.

**APRIL:** Actress had herself thrown into Central Park Lake although she did not leave her apartment during the operation. Can't think of her name as the papers didn't use it.

**MAY:** Theatrical season closed officially at 10:30 o'clock at night and the new season opened at 2:15 the next afternoon.

John Cumberland bought an entire outfit for the new season consisting of one bathrobe.

Lenine and Trotzky both killed three times this month but not fatally.

**JUNE:** Upwards of twelve thousand actresses and picture women became June brides and some of them are still married.

Fifteen thousand movie people started for their annual vacations in Europe and some of them got as far as Kennebunkport, Maine.

**JULY:** Jess Willard did a Brodie at Toledo and Jack Dempsey became a motion picture star.

Only 36,782 vanloads of hooch confiscated by government agents this month. Doesn't look as though the supply can last much longer as nearly all the hooch was sent out of the country prior to January 16.

**AUGUST:** First rumored that rents would be lower at the beginning of the renting season in October but nobody ever found out who started the rumor.

Announced that Follies girls would not be allowed to wear rouge or powder but did they wear them? Ask Sweeney.

**SEPTEMBER:** Somebody took John McGraw home from a club but got away with it only partially.

Rumor of a fight being arranged between M. Georges Carpentier and M. Jacques D'Empsey and each made another motion picture.

**OCTOBER:** Philanthropist pinched for getting up a method of making brown October ale on a cook stove.

Baseball scandal discovered which was so crude that people began to ask why it was necessary to send to Africa for ivory.

**NOVEMBER:** A hundred million people began looking around for something to be thankful for.

Announced that certain ship-builders had learned how to build freight vessels out of papier mache.

Raymond Hitchcock holds spook seance in his house but the ghosts didn't walk. This happens frequently in the theatrical profession.

Change of tenants at the White House is announced.

**DECEMBER:** Man surprises Broadway by announcing under oath that he had got a piece of fresh chocolate out of a subway vending machine. He was sent to Bellevue for observation.

Chorus girls began looking up their "Wall Street friends" and picking out their furs and limousines.

Broadway spenders begin making out lists of cafes where they will not engage tables for New Year's eve.

League of Nations holds a meeting at Geneva but doesn't find out why.

Only 27,863 vanloads of liquor confiscated this month. It seems to be going fast.

Good night.

---

We don't seem to see half as many electric lights on Broadway since Prohibition went into effect.



## Nude Notes

**I**N a recent Universal picture, a man poses as a bronze statue, wearing nothing but a shield. A woman also poses as a statue, but she doesn't wear any shield at all—not even a dress shield.

The bathing girls are so popular these days, and the members of Congress are so unpopular, that they are thinking of calling it the United States Sennett.

Louise Glaum wears nothing but a chaste bathtub in one scene of a recent picture.

Yvonne Gardell, the famous artist's model, poses as under-study to Mother Eve in "Kismet."

May Allison in Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "The Marriage of William Ashe" poses in one scene as Lady Godiva, with nothing but a blond wig standing between her and pneumonia.

Nazimova is to appear in a picturization of "Aphrodite," and is reported to be giving a great deal of thought to her costume.

A new Tourneur production has a group of dancing girls, dressed in the chiffon of which the public is chiffond.

Movie nymphs cannot resist the temptation to bathe in a pool, no matter where they find one. They'd probably try to bathe even in a Wall Street pool.

Close-ups of mermaid scenes can be taken only on warm days, owing to the tendency of mermaids to have goose-flesh.

The world is facing two great problems: (1) Labor, and the great unrest; (2) Movies, and the great undressed.



*Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston*  
Ruby de Remer, whom Paul Hellen, the noted artist and connoisseur of comeliness, has picked as the handsomest woman in America.



# The Life of Lucille

(Being the story of a poor chorus girl's experiences in the wicked city.)

BY GUY D. MORIBUND

**H**IRAM PURDY was distraught that evening as he fed the hogs and later walked toward the house, although he did not know what distraught meant. How many of us suffer from ailments which we do not understand.

He had read in a theatrical paper that his daughter Lucy, down in the city had been married to a broker.

"Marthy," he said to his wife, who was frying the parsnips on the kitchen stove, "I don't exactly like this idee of Lucy going and gitting married to that feller and we don't even know who he is. He may be broker than we know anything about. I wonder if he kin support her in the manner to which she was accustomed when she was gitting them forty plunks a week with the show opry troupe."

"I been worried, too, Hiram, and I got a plan. Let's invite the youngsters up here for New Years and we'll have a chanct to look him over."

"That's a good idear, Marthy," replied Hiram. "I'll hitch up old Bess and drive right over to Hickeyville and send her a night letter inviting 'em up."

Miss Lucille Purdee, darling of the "Banalities of 1920," alighted from her latest Rolls-Royce and entered her apart-

ment on The Drive. Her butler took her \$28,000 sable coat and her maid handed her a telegram that had come that morning.

Lucille breathed a sigh denoting extreme ennui, sat down in a Louis XIV chair before her onyx trimmed desk and read the telegram:

DEAR LUCY: We was much surprised to hear about your marriage into the paper and we are some consarned for fear your husbint can't support you in the manner you was accustomed to here at home. Consequent, we would like to glance him over and see what he looks like and we invite you and him up here to spend New Years with us. Even if he is poor it's all right so long as he is honest and I suppose you and him will enjoy a good square meal.

Affectionately, Your father.

The next day Hiram Purdy received a telegram which read:

"Forget it. Stuffed that bird and am single again. I never worry about last week's husbands, so why should you? He lost a million in the street on a Tuesday and lost me on Wednesday. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Don't worry. Am still getting my forty per week.

"LUCY."

## SHORT PARABLES

**A** CHILD sat in a movie tent  
To elevate her mind;  
She saw a lady stab a gent,  
And went away refined.

**A** CHILD went to a soda fount  
And ate a frozen feast;  
She caught a chill and took the count,  
And now she's called "deceased."

**A** YOUTH went to a girl-esque show  
And dined a stage-door queen;  
She took his watch and spent his dough,  
And since he ain't been seen.

**A** JAKE who came to New York town  
Was thrilled by all the sights;  
But someone fleeced him nice and brown,  
And now he's working nights.

West: Why is Washington called the "City of magnificent distances"?

North: Because you have to travel so far to find anyone who is responsible for anything.

## SINCE PROHIBITION

Little drops of water  
That we used to think  
Were simply made for chasers  
Are now the whole blamed drink.

When a film is cut too much by the censor people it becomes a censorship wreck.



## From the Song Shops



Ethel Callahan  
in "Broadway  
Brevities" (not  
one of the  
brevities)



Betty Hill, a little  
honey from "Honey-  
dew"

Photo by Old Masters

Jane King, one  
of the jems of  
'Jim Jam  
Jems'

White Studio





# Unguarded Moments with Celebrities

## II—Elinor Glyn

BY LISLE BELL

ELINOR GLYN nestled one pale cheek against the shaggy tiger skin, upon which she always relaxes, and half-closed her green eyes.

"What I am looking for," she murmured, "is the American superman. He must have the ambition of a Napoleon, the beauty of an Apollo, and the wisdom of a Solomon."

Having none of these specifications ourselves, we heaved a sigh of relief. We felt perfectly safe.

"And do you think you will find him?" we asked.

The author of "Three Weeks," shook her head dubiously.

"I'm beginning to be doubtful," she confessed, pushing back a strand of flaming red hair. "What's wrong with you American men, anyway? As a fighter, I thought the American type was glorious. A wonderful being, brave and chivalrous. But over here, in business, he bows his neck to women. It won't do. It's all a mistake."

Elinor Glynn stretched her arms above her head in a gesture of despair. It must be very comfortable to relax on a tiger skin. The author carries it wherever she goes—even on Pullmans. (Lucky tiger!)

As for the fascinating green eyes, and the famous flaming hair, no mere interviewer is qualified to rave. You will find them described in "Three Weeks."

"When a man loses his head over a woman, he loses the woman," Mrs. Glyn continued. "The male ought to be dominant. All this talk about female equality is rot. The busybodies who agitate for equality are really seeking superiority. But brute force will rule in the end, and a nation where the women are stronger, physically and mentally, cannot exist for many centuries."

"Mind, I'm not pitying the American male. If he is subjugated, it's his own fault. No man has a French heel on his neck unless he's himself to blame."

The author shifted her position. She wears black velvet, cut in an extremely tight-fitting gown. Her gestures are quick, and as she talks, her eyes flash.

The tiger skin, she maintains, is more than a fad.

"Woman needs to keep herself in contact with the primitive," she says. "That is part of her destiny. In that way, she ministers to her mate."

"Really, I don't know where the sex-pendulum will swing in this country of yours. I doubt whether the American woman knows how to use her newly acquired power wisely. It is a dangerous thing to tamper with the age-long position of the sexes. Nature is the best judge of the proper relation between male and female, and so far as I have learned, nature isn't much of a suffragist."

"Let no woman think she ought to be worshipped simply because she has a pretty face. It won't be very good for the race if we are to be ruled by the doll with a baby-stare—the kind of being that adorns the magazine covers."

"I'm not intending to be merely critical of the American woman. She is a very much alive being. But if she gets out of harness, what will happen? Well, if the American woman is spoiled, don't forget that it's the American man who has spoiled her."

Mrs. Glyn has left for the coast, and she hopes to find that superman, equipped with all the best stuff of Napoleon, Apollo et al., somewhere in the great west.

Anyhow, if he's to be found, you can rest assured that the author of "Three Weeks" will find him. Those green eyes are not keen for nothing. And when she finds him, lo, he will be made into a movie, and after that every matinee girl from Bangor to the Rio Grande will have an opportunity to see what he looks like.

It may go rather hard for some of the ardent swains whose idea of a thrill is to come across with a box of bonbons and then hold hands in the parlor.

### PERVERSITY

Perhaps their money pleasure brings  
To those who hoard.  
But there's a joy in doing things  
One can't afford.



# Dainty Molly Malone of the Silver Screen





## Calendar for January

- Sat. 1—In a prohibition country, it's useless to swear off, so if you must swear off, swear off swearing off.
- Sun. 2—Frank Craven entered a beauty contest in 1917, and carried off first, second and third prizes.
- Mon. 3—The United States cut out the bottle in 1919, and Frank Tinney cut out the cork, 1920.
- Tue. 4—Frances White decided to change her hair-dresser, 1931, and appeared in a double-decked pompadour.
- Wed. 5—Someone saw that Frances Starr is appearing in "One," and wanted to know why Belasco didn't give her the full stage.
- Thu. 6—The name of the Lyceum Theatre will be changed to the Klondike Theatre in 1923, if the gold diggers are still there.
- Fri. 7—Lionel Braham of "Mecca" was best man at a Tom Thumb wedding in 1916.
- Sat. 8—Sometimes an actress has her hair bobbed to make her look young, and sometimes merely to add to her sheer beauty.
- Sun. 9—Motion picture audiences went on strike, 1930, demanding less music and more movie.
- Mon. 10—A marionette theatre was forced to close, 1913, because the stage carpenter split up the actors for kindling.
- Tues. 11—Lou Tellegen appeared in a new drama in three acts and one Geraldine Farrar osculation, 1926.
- Wed. 12—A fashion magazine made its appearance, 1931, which neglected to run a picture of Mme. Namara in the latest furs and hat.
- Thu. 13—Eddie Foy retired, 1920, owing to the fact that his supporting company had become old enough to vote.
- Fri. 14—Fred Stone, having done everything else, gave a recital in Carnegie Hall, 1951.
- Sat. 15—A Winter Garden patron went to see Galsworthy's "The Skin Game," 1920, thinking that the skin would be visible, instead of merely allegorical.
- Sun. 16—The play called "Youth" ran only five nights at the Greenwich Village Theatre, 1920. Evidently it should have been called "Infant."
- Mon. 17—Self-supporting evening gown; i.e., one without shoulder straps, made its stage debut, 1900.
- Tues. 18—Cornerstone laying, children's pageants, and ship launchings were abolished, 1942, and the weekly news films went into bankruptcy.
- Wed. 19—A pair of shimmy dancers got married, 1919, and are going through life shoulder to shoulder.
- Thu. 20—Vernon Castle left an estate valued at \$620, according to latest reports. Probably the rest of his earnings went to pay the fiddler.
- Fri. 21—The orchestra in a Memphis theatre was heard singing, 1920. The orchestra in a New York theatre was heard playing, 1935.
- Sat. 22—All the critics went wild about a new drama, 1916, and the play had a run in spite of it.
- Sun. 23—German dialect comedians became Dutch comedians overnight in August, 1914.
- Mon. 24—And as we recall some of them, that's about the only funny thing they ever did.
- Tues. 25—An edition de luxe of translated French farces was sold by book agents, 1911, and as an appropriate premium, they offered a sex-tional bookcase.
- Wed. 26—John Barrymore will continue to rest during the remainder of this season, and his feminine adorers have laid their emotions away in camphor.
- Thu. 27—Arnold Daly had a waistline, 1907, and Richard Carle had a pompadour, 1903.
- Fri. 28—Salome danced and John the Baptist lost his head, and dancers have been causing men to lose their heads ever since.
- Sat. 29—John D. Rockefeller was once interested in the drama, but he lost interest when the kerosene circuit was abandoned.
- Sun. 30—William and Gordon Dooley appeared alternately in the title role of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," 1937.
- Mon. 31—Five hundred more Englishmen started writing scenarios for American movies, bringing the total thus engaged up to 435,800.



# Helping to Keep Broadway in the Limelight

*Frances Mann*



*Dorothy Dickson*



*Helen Lee Worthing*



## Celebs at the Theater

THE great morning newspapers have adopted the custom of mentioning the names of persons who attend theatrical performances, giving two or three names to each of several theaters. It is customary to pick three or four out of an audience of 1,200 and leave the other 1,197 in obscurity.

The Tatler will endeavor, from time to time to drag these others out of obscurity and print their names. You may some time find your name in the list. It may take us a long time to get around to you, but have patience.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Featherstone Hanks and little Goldine Hanks entertained Mr. and Mrs. Barnstable J. Finkbinder and their son Aloysius at the Elite Motion Picture Palace last Thursday evening.

Mr. Spike Brogan of 2187 Avenue A. and Miss Maggie Blaney of 2463 First avenue were at the Casino last evening.

Among those at the Neighborhood Playhouse last night were Henry Horsecollar, of Greenwich Village, America's greatest unknown poet and Miss Callie Camille, the well-known China painter. They are married or something.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Wilbur Doaks were at the Punch and Judy last evening with Mr.

and Mrs. Agamemnon G. Popover. All are prominent members of the Bronx smart set.

Mr. Terwilliger V. Rasmussen, prominent in Red Bank social circles was noticed last evening at the Globe. He was noticed by an usher. Others at the Globe were Mr. and Mrs. Arbuckle Wellington Tibbs of Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Prominent in the audience at the New Amsterdam was Mr. and Mrs. T-bone G. Hefflefinger and Mr. Dinwiddie Suffern Butcher of Harlem and Mr. Chow Mein, a prominent laundryman of Chatham Square.

Mr. Algernon Reginald Fink entertained at the Hippodrome last evening. Mr. Fink, who is prominent in 207th street society had as his guests Miss Gelatine Tubbs, Miss Myrtie Swank, two sub-debs; Mr. Herman Hildebrandhauser and Mr. Ivan Ivanowitchanoffski, a prominent Washington Heights cafe clarionetist. They were chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Delicatessen T. D'Halibut.

Mr. Hankus R. Longfurrow of Hinks Mills, Pa., was noticed in the audience at the Strand last evening. Others present were Mr. and Mrs. Lucius W. Clapsaddle of Yonkers and Mrs. Amethyst Alimony Hunter of 125th street, city.

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Carpentier says he will never fight again after meeting Dempsey. But he shouldn't be too pessimistic. He may be able to fight again, at that.

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## Blue Laws

IF you go and touch a bank, you are a robber,  
 If you drink a glass of hooch you are a fool.  
 If you have your hair curtailed by any bobber  
 Your place is in a reformation school.  
 If you joy-ride you are sure non compos mentis.  
 If you play the stock exchange, you're bound to fall  
 But if you whistle on a Sunday  
 And don't save your wind till Monday,  
 You're a criminal—that's all!

You may organize a scheme to rob the widows,  
 You may take all of their dough and leave 'em flat.  
 You can go and swipe the candy from the kiddos.  
 The blue laws have no word to say of that.  
 You may fail to pay your butcher and your grocer.  
 You can do a little burglary. That's fair.  
 But if you kiss your wife  
 On a Sunday, then your life  
 Must expiate your crime—and in the chair.

—DE VAUX THOMPSON.



## Stars of Two Successes of the Month

*Inez Plummer  
in  
"The Broken  
Wing"*



*Frances White in "Jimmie"*



## Our Want-Ad Department

**TELEPHONE** all want-ads to Van Winkle Seven-oi-oi-oi and ask for Mr. Fish. Do not call The Aquarium. Our want-ad department is open from 11:30 P. M. to 1 A. M. every Thursday.)

**WANTED:** A job, one which has no work connected with it. Salary preferred \$1,500 per week. **ACTOR**, in front of Wolpins every afternoon.

**FOR SALE:** Set of genuine sable furs only worn one month. Price \$2,300. A bargain. Have just received a new set for Christmas. Mazie Tobasco, 1678 Riverside Drive.

**GENTLEMEN:** Of the stage or screen. Would you be beautiful? If so visit the wrinkle department of Mme. Luella's and try one of her beauty masks a few nights. We also reshape noses to fit your style of face.

**PAINLESS DIVORCES:** For people of the stage. Why go to Reno? Try my

system and secure divorce while staying at home. Izzy Binkski. Night and Day divorce department always open. We never sleep.

**WANTED:** Legitimate actor for vaudeville who can impersonate hind legs of giraffe for new production. Experience required. Good salary, \$38 per week and steady work. Telephone Busy 41144.

**NOTICE:** To whom it may concern. My wife Amethyst Hostetter has left my bed and board and I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by she. Lycurgus Hostetter.

**NOTICE:** It is true that I have left my husband. But not his bed and board. I always paid his board and I took the bed with me because it is mine. Amethyst Hostetter.

**FOR SALE:** One moving van. Am going out of the hooch transportation business. Buck Finnegan.

## A Cook's Tour of Broadway

**THE BROKEN WING**—Take one drop of an aeroplane,—one drop is plenty—add a few Mexican beans and chili con carne atmosphere, stir in a little aphasia and intrigue, flavor with romance and a little spice, set on the border and watch it simmer till summer.

**AFGAH**—Dress a French vamp (more or less) in a Poiret gown, and add a dash of Parisian spice; season with a \$10 premiere and let simmer until intimate.

**DADDY DUMPLINGS** — Surround Macklyn Arbuckle with hand-picked children, and trim with holiday greens; stir in a few sentimental tears, and serve with a garnish of glad tidings.

**THE FIRST YEAR**—Bring a tearful bride and her hubby to the boiling point; separate them and whip them into a cheerful frame of mind; add a spoonful of old family doctor soothing syrup, and flavor with a whisper about a coming baby.

**GOOD TIMES**—Take a few hundred clowns, acrobats, dancers and chorus girls and chop fine; add the essence of a few elephants and high divers; pour into a mould with a lot of scenery and serve twice daily.

**HITCHY-KOO**—Into a broth of Ray Hitchcock, dip first one comedian and then another; strain through some vaudeville and tinkly music, and serve with horse-play.

**JUST SUPPOSE**—Pour an imaginary Prince of Wales into a Virginia setting; bring a southern accent and an English accent to the boiling point, without dropping an aitch, and serve on a romantic half-shell.

**THE MIRAGE**—Lay a pretty girl aside to ruin for seven years, and then mix with a home-town boy; garnish with plenty of expensive fur and bare shoulders, and serve the easiest way.

### PROOF POSITIVE

Though men may knock and men may roast  
The knee-length skirt that shows a stocking,  
From coast to coast they look the most  
And longest at the one most shocking.  
The very men who rail and blow  
About that skirt, in secret love it;  
Most women know that this is so—  
They have the figures, too, to prove it!



## What a Little Queen for the Movie Screen

**F**ANCY, now, Lady Diana Manners, world famous beauty and leader of English society, actually going into the movies! Capricious Diana well named after the Goddess of the Chase. She's been chased all her life, but would have none of them until brave, husky Captain Duff Cooper, an unknown,

came along. Surely a wilful little lady. Once she cancelled an appointment to dance before the King and Queen because the Queen, after seeing a photograph of her costume, sent a request that she wear more. Diana than refused to appear, much to the consternation of royalty. The screen certainly gets a valuable acquisition in this saucy beauty and social light.





## He Done Nobel

*Note—Every year, the Nobel literature prize of 40,000 perfectly good dollars is awarded to some Swede who used to tend bar in St. Paul or some Norwegian who used to ride on the rear platform of a Chicago horse-car. These Scandinavians go back home, get lit up on the Northern lights, and write a gloomy novel called "Hunger," or "Ice Say She Does," or "Chilblains," or something equally dreary, and that wins them the prize. Here is the next prize-winner.*

IT was cold. Yesterday it was cold, but today it was colder. Some of yesterday's cold had been left over, possibly. Anyway, it was cold. Today's cold, together with yesterday's warmed-over cold, made it very cold indeed.

It was snowing. It was only today's snow, however. But when you said it was today's snow, you said a shovelful. The ground was covered with snow, if you get the drift. It fell in a slow drizzle. There was nothing else for it to fall for. The ground was very white. It looked like a New York whitewash who had been run over by a steamroller.

A man trudged across the icy waste with his seven children. Their ages were seven, six, five, four, three, two and one, respectably. Their father often used to play seven up with them, but not today. Today was cold and snowy.

How was he ever going to get those seven children home through the blizzard? The snow fell in hailstones.

One child slipped and fell into a fjord. They trudged on. The snow came down in anthracite chunks.

Another child dropped out of sight in a snow drift. Time passed, and it grew darker.

A third child stepped into a crevasse. The snow fell in sheets.

The man took an inventory.

"Four left," he murmured, but even as he spoke, another little one slipped on a hidden banana peel and plunged into the sea.

It grew colder and darker.

A sudden landslide carried off two more of the poor waifs. The father counted the remaining child several times, to make certain he was all there.

"Anyhow," he said, "my wife cannot accuse me of coming home empty-handed."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when the child was out of his custody. A strong wind swept around the corner of the mountain—around the corner of several of the mountains, in fact—and bore the last precious pet out to sea.

The man was frantic. How could he face his poor wife, now? What was he to say? Of course, he had to admit it was a cold night, but somehow that didn't seem like an excuse. He shivered.

"It's turning cold," he said, in a low voice. "We may have a little snow before morning."

Then, squaring his broad shoulders, he pushed on through the darkness and entered his humble cottage.

The lights burned low, and a kettle steamed in the fireplace. But the room was empty. He called aloud—but no answer. Then he remembered! His wife had said she was going out to the movies.

Silently, he ate an icicle, and went to bed.

## Heard Along the Rialto

BY GABBY

A GRADUATE of Greenwich Village has spurned an inheritance of \$1,125,000. To which Broadway remarks: "Cuckoo, cuckoo."

One chorus maiden of my acquaintance has had her voice insured for \$10,000 but the insurance company is safe. People never lose voices like hers, no matter how hard they try.

A lady friend of mine is insulted. An admirer of hers up in Rochester sent her a grand piano for Christmas with the note: "Put this in your stocking."

It is rumored that an actor went home the other night and got into the wrong apartment. That is to say, he got into his own by mistake.

It is our opinion, as a weather forecast, that the snow will not be deep enough at any time this winter in New York to touch the hems of the ladies' skirts.

It is rumored along the old street that a vaudeville actor attempted to commit suicide the other night by taking a drink of 50-cent Broadway hooch but he took an overdose, which fact saved him.



DAME FASHION  
presents  
"EVERYWOMAN  
in  
HER NEW CLOTHES"

A Drama  
by Fads and Fashions

Month Beginning January 1st, 1921

Matinees Every Afternoon

CHARACTERS

(in order in which they appear)

Coffee and Rolls.....Breakfast Jacket  
Shopping Bent.....Street Dress  
Trot-About.....Tailleur  
Tea-For-Two.....Afternoon Costume  
Tête-à-Tête....Dinner Gown  
The Protector...Ermine Wrap  
At-The-Play...Evening Dress  
Light Fantastic..Dancing Frock  
Home James.....Fajamas

(Continued on page 24)



The modern Cleopatra—you'll meet her at any ball—still wears the "trousers," though she hides them under sumptuous drapes of velvet, sparkles with myriads of jewels and is enchainèd with pearls, just as you see Marie Wells in "Jim, Jam, Jems."

Straight from Paris came this figured duvetyn waistcoat which Connie Ferber also of "The Greenwich Village Follies 1920" wears with her tricotine suit, and we all will be following her lead with our spring costumes.

Worth its weight in beads—and the price is high—is the favored evening gown of the season like the Frances confection in pastel colorings in which Irene Ferber of "The Greenwich Village Follies 1920" awakens the demon of envy in the feminine soul.





(Continued from page 23)

### ACT I

Set: A boudoir in pinkish mauve. A huge bed with BREAKFAST JACKET sleepily emerging from its lacy depths.

BREAKFAST JACKET (rubbing her eyes)

Another day—same old rolls and coffee. But my pinky dream crepe look does help a lot. Then there's the lace that ruffles its way all around the points and the wide sleeves and those dinky Lady Fair ribbon bows, pinky on one side and maize on the other. Oh life's not so boresome after all.

(There's a knock at the door and STREET DRESS enters.)

#### STREET DRESS

Time you were discarded BREAKFAST JACKET. It's getting on to noon and you know there is a shopping list bigger than you are. Before you exit, though, I wish you would note my trig duvetyn appearance. And I'm as slick as I look. Over the head I go—no hooks—no buttons—no missing connections. There's an elastic at the belt. Then you adjust this girdle, high or low. Most women prefer the low level, Russian style, you know, and there you are. Yes, I'm boasting sleeves, but with double gauntlets as you'll observe. Of course a high collar. Choke we may, but it's all for a good cause. Embroidery? Well, we are going discreet in its use. A little, appliqued in ciré braid.

Aha! here comes my Hat. (*Hat enters timidly.*) Welcome, you soft, flexible ciré satin Turban. It's a dash of color you are taking unto yourself in the embroidery of chrysophase green straw. (*The telephone bell rings. STREET DRESS answers.*) Hello. Who's calling? Oh, you, dear TAILLEUR. Indeed I should adore lunching with you. At one at the Ritz. I'll be there. Wait a minute, what are you wearing? Gray tricotine. Yes, I hear. Short of skirt and with a circular way about it. A box coat swinging jauntily to below the hips and bound in black ribbon. Pockets? Yes, modest affairs at the sides. Long sleeves? Surest thing I know, right to the wrist, you say, but there's the flare. The hat? A tricorne with one of those persistent crowns that insists upon being seen and in faille. Sounds good to me. So long. (*STREET DRESS picks up gloves, bag, etc., and exits.*)

### ACT II

#### AFTERNOON COSTUME

Tea at five. I'm sure to be late. Anyhow all men should be kept waiting. It's the right way to train them. Some wife is

going to call me blessed in the years to come. Where are you, Cape? Don't you know that I can't stir without you? What would be the use of my Mallinson's Blue-est Taffeta if you were not with it to set it off? Red all over in veldyne, with cut work through which one catches a glimpse of the Bluest Taffeta Me in the lining. When I hold you close to my heart, it's no wonder that they all envy me, or is it you? Perhaps HE would like to change places with you. But just let me relegate you to the background—and I'll admit you're an effective background—what covetous glances I do call forth. And why not? There's that saucy full skirt that fairly bursts forth in the region of the hips. You know where it joins the long-waisted bodice. It's of the Blue-est Taffeta, of course, but the eyelet embroidery reveals the underskirt of the Chinese red pussy willow crepe. The bodice—well it fits fairly close, not too tight for style, but just enough for beauty, and it has one of the ruffy collars and a sleeve that obligingly conceals the elbow, and then takes a bell turn. To top you—dear old Three-Piece—there's a poke, yes of my pet Blue-est Taffeta, balloon in crown and short on the back brim to tantalize all eyes with the curls that play at the nape of the neck. (*DINNER GOWN enters.*)

#### DINNER GOWN

Hurry, Little One, you are wasting your wiles here. Twilight is fast fading into evening when I shall take your cue. It's not surprising that women love me. Am I not their best friend? When I am on my best behavior, the game's all up with Mr. Man. Now which shall it be? Shall I bowl him over with my radiant, sparkling, glimmering beauty, all beads and bugles—worth its weight in gold? Or shall I lead him on, slowly, subtly, surely, with my soft, sinuous, velvety ways, black as midnight, clinging and revealing, cleverly draped, unrelieved except for pearls? Methinks I will discard them all except my bracelets. No sleeves, them all except my bracelets.

### ACT III

#### EVENING DRESS

Since all the world's a stage, it behooves us players to play our parts in the most telling clothes way. As audience to-night, I shall be a bright spot amongst the black coats, a gold and lacquer red brocade spot, the circular skirt outlined in gold picot, the draped corsage veiled in tulle and a sash which starts its downward career in a huge choux studded with a cameo and trails onto the floor. Then let all the world beware. But I must be off.



# A Group of Pathe "Vanity Fair" Girls



*Norma  
Nichols.*



*Mildred Davis.*



*Lilymae  
Wilkinson.*



*Dagmar  
Dahlgren.*



## Speaking of Angels

**S**PEAK of angels and you hear the flap of their wings.

It is announced that Amos J. Dinglewheezier, president of the Dinglewheezier Sash and Door Co., of Red Neck, Pa., has come to New York to furnish the monetary backing for a new musical comedy in support of Miss Inez Pipp, the well known cabaret dancer, who will be starred. The piece will be called "O Fudge," book by J. Caryll Mumps, lyrics by St. John St. Bartholomew Binks, and music by Abe Finklestein.

Mr. Dinglewheezier is welcome and it is to be hoped, for his sake and the sake of his fair young star, that he has brought the sash and door factory with him, for he will need it.

Mrs. Dinglewheezier did not accompany her husband to New York.

This is Mr. Dinglewheezier's first experience in the theatrical business and his act in elevating Miss Pipp to stardom gives him an outlet for his wealth which he has been looking for for some time past. It is estimated that he is worth at least \$50,000 which should keep Miss Pipp in stardom for two weeks, if he is lucky.

Mr. Dinglewheezier is only one of a multitude. The angels continue to fly in from all directions to deposit their nest eggs and fly back from whence they came.

Lucius W. Podsnap, the butter and egg king of Hoopole County, Indiana, has repaired to New York and bought the controlling interest in the Punkart Fillum Co. for the purpose of exposing upon the silver sheet as a star for the first time, Miss Oleomargarine Butts, a young lady of parts, who was picked by Ira Haskins, the well known photographer of Bird Center, Ind., as the most beautiful woman in Amer'ca. Miss Butts will receive a salary of \$3,500 a week and the director, Georges Du Vale, will receive \$2,500. It is hoped that the butter business is good and it is predicted that eggs will be advanced from \$1.07 to \$1.75 a dozen soon after the stud'o work begins.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hooker Minch have been entertaining Pete Crockett, a well known Texan, for several days at the Ritz and showing him the sights of the city. Mr. Finch is a well known ticket speculator, his wife is a dancer known to the stage as Goldie De Vere and has aspirations to become a star. Mr. Crockett eats with his knife, but he owns an oil well.

## Revue Broadway

**T**HE Bad Man and the Meanest Man intended to get tight. Irene and Mary went along, for, it was Ladies' Night. "A Bat we'll have In Old New York," they shouted, "here's our chance. It's Kissing Time for us and we must have our little dance."

And so they taxied to the show—that Mecca of delight. Afghar they saw and liked it well. "Tip Top," they said, "it's right." And then they journeyed to The Tavern where they were well fed. "Young Visters, be welcome here," the Tavern-keeper said.

The Bad Man Pitter-Pattered Mary with his Honey Dew. The other—he made Spanish Love to Irene, it is true. "Now Just Suppose," said he to her, "you love me When We're Young." "I'd like the Opportunity," said she, "but I'd be stung."

"Gold Digger that I am I know your old Skin Game. You'd be my Daddy Dimpkin's till a Welcome Stranger came. "Thy Name Is Woman," then he cried, "You Tickle Me, my dear. We'll make a bargain. I'll be true to you thru our First Year!"

"Oh, Hitchy-Koo," she laughed at him, "we never can be One. So let's go home. Please call a cab. Our little evening's done." The chauffeur was a wild-eyed thing. He drove a wicked wheel. And as he drove along he saw Three Live Ghosts on him steal.

The taxi skidded and then flopped. There was a Storm and Lightnin'. "Oh, Call the Doctor," some one cried, "(this thing is surely frighten'in'." Our story ends—they picked them up from wreckage of the cab. Enter Madame, the Bad Man's Wife, his children, Jimmy, Bah.

The girls took French Leave for they knew there'd be a Heartbreak House. And Midnight Frolics are no more—for them no gay carouse. Rollo's Wild Oat has all been sown—he's thru with Follies ring. Good Times are but a vain Mirage. He's got a Broken Wing.

The moral's plain for you and me—on Broadway do not roam. For every Samson there's Delilah. Safety First's at home.

"GEE, HOW I O-DOR YOU!"

Of all the unspeakable miseries,

The most agonizing fix

Is to sit 'tween two full flavored flappers

And smell their perfumeries mix.



# Getting Ready for Palm Beach



*Margaret  
Kerr  
in the  
"Follies"*



*Betty  
Williams  
in "Sally"*



*Gladys Bourne  
in "Sally"*



*Margaret Davis  
in the "Follies"*



# A Wild New Year's Eve on Broadway

*Place: A large Broadway Cafe.*

*Time: New Year's Eve, 10:30 P. M.*

*Characters:*

*A Waiter named George.*

*A Blonde.*

*A Brunette.*

*A Broker.*

*An Actor.*

**W**AITER: It's a fine evening.  
 Broker: How do you get that way?

W: Pardon, sir?

B: All right but don't say it again. No trouble about a table, I hope.

W: No, take any one you like. There are only three other parties in the place and two of them are asleep.

Blonde: What, no horns, no confetti, no streamers?

W: They are not proper any more. They are not exactly against the law, but they are not quite seemly. Gayety, you know, is next to immoral.

Actor: Ho-hum. Bring me a bottle of sarsaparilla.

Brunette: Where's the orchestra, George.

W: He's gone next door to get a bite to eat in the serve-self. He'll be back in an hour or two.

Broker: Well, girls, what are you going to have?

Brunette: I'll take a nut sundae.

Blonde: Give me a moxie with a dash of lemon in it.

Brunette: You ought to get off that stuff, Gertie. It'll get you yet.

Actor: I remember when the bar was over there in the corner and the waiters formed a continuous procession with champagne coolers, the frost thick on their sides and—

Broker: Aw, shut up!

Actor: I was just going to say that I remember when—

Broker: People who can forget are more interesting company than people who can remember.

Waiter: What is yours going to be, sir?

Broker: A split of White Rock and a chicken sandwich.

Waiter: Sorry sir but the chicken is all out. We get only one a day now and that is hardly enough for the help—the other waiter and the hat-boy and myself. I can go next door and get you a ham sandwich or maybe a couple of doughnuts.

Brunette: So this is New Year's Eve. Two years ago I was at this very table and we had to wait an hour to get it. I was with a party from the West and the best judge of wine—

Blonde: If you say another word, I'll—

Actor: There, the orchestra is coming back, picking his teeth. Do you want to dance, Gertie?

Brunette: Should say not. What have I got to dance about, tell me that?

Broker: George, bring us in a couple of quarts of root beer and we'll sit here and welcome the New Year. It ought to be along soon. Seems as though we have been in here three hours.

Waiter: Very well, sir. If you happen to drop asleep, I'll waken you promptly at 12 o'clock. I go in next door every now and then to keep track of the time. You see, our clock stopped a couple of weeks ago and nobody has wound it up since.

Blonde: Ho-hum. Pardon me, please. (Yawns).

Waiter: You'll pardon me please. I'm going across the street to get my supper. Is there anything I can bring you before I go?

Actor: The orchestra is starting.

Broker: Tell that guy to stop playing. I want to get a few winks of sleep.

Waiter: (an hour later. Shaking Broker): Wake up sir. It is 12 o'clock.

Actor: Hurrah for 1921.

Broker: Can that stuff. Come on, girls?

Waiter: What? Going so early.

Broker: Yes, wake up the hat-boy and get our things. We're going up to the funeral church where it is lively.

"It is said that more than one person has been killed by kissing."

"Yes, but isn't it great stuff if you live through it?"

The Los Angeles writer for the "movies" who robbed a bank to get inspiration for a plot will write the scenario just as soon as the judge gives him *time*.

A five-year-old child in Boston has begun to write poems. But as people say, consider the source.



# Eyes That Tease and Please



Catherine  
Calvert

GENEVIEVE TOBIN  
Alfred Cheney Johnston

ETHELIND TERRY  
Photo by White



## THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER

ONCE upon a time

There was a fisherman's daughter  
Who was a comely lass and well favored.  
She had hair of burnished copper  
And a figure made lovely by outdoor life  
And a complexion which was all her own.  
She had never been near a drug store.  
While her father went to sea in his boat  
Out of Gloucester for cod and haddock,  
Our heroine took a little dory  
And fished every day in the bay  
Where she caught small fish such as  
Porgies, bluefish, whiting and sea bass.  
She sold these to the summer people  
And made her pin money in that way.  
One summer there came a wise lady  
From the great metropolis  
And she said to this maiden  
That the fish she caught were most dull  
And uninteresting and she told  
Her of the goldfish that she had seen  
And whispered where they might be found.  
So the fisherman's daughter  
Took a train a week later and soon  
Arrived in the great metropolis  
And she went to see the director  
Of a musical comedy production  
And she had such a beautiful pair of  
Hands  
That he engaged her for the chorus  
And the first thing she did was  
To go down to the neighborhood  
Of Broad and Wall streets where  
The goldfish travel in large schools  
And, with her experience at home,  
Being an expert fisherwoman,  
She did rather well and in two months  
She married one of these goldfish  
And lived happily ever after  
On substantial alimony.

## OUR ANSWERS DEPARTMENT

(We answer all questions, no matter how painful.)

**L. B.:** You are perfectly right. Enrico Caruso is more than twenty-five years of age.

**F. D. C.:** Lillian Russell was once an actress. Yes, she has been married.

**Anxious:** The best substitute we know for coal is steam heat.

**Housewife:** Stuff the turkey with chestnuts. You can get any quantity of these at slight expense from any comic magazine.

**M. H. G.:** Twin beds need not necessarily be placed in the same room. They are so arranged that they may be put in different buildings if necessary.

**T. K.:** Yonkers: Fatty Arbuckle is so called because he is what you would term portly or plump, as it were.

**George T.:** The kind of raspberry jam that mother used to make at 15 cents a quart may now be purchased in any delicatessen store at \$1 a half-pint.

**Mother:** You can very easily make your daughter Amethyst wear longer skirts by having the style changed.

**Mrs. F. T.:** You say the coffee bubbles and rattles in the top of your percolator and you do not think it should. You can easily stop this by leaving the water and coffee out of the percolator when you put it on the stove.

**R. W. H.:** (Brooklyn). We know a party who has a second-hand baby carriage to sell. Will mail address privately.

**F. J.:** Poughkeepsie was named in honor of George W. Poughkeepsie, who was the first white child born on the right bank of the Hudson river.

## ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS

OUR motion picture stars are no doubt of an artistic temperament, which is proven if one has an opportunity to study them closely, as is the privilege of the present writer. They have many strange fads and fancies among which we may enumerate the following:

Fatty Arbuckle never poses for the clothing ads in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Tom Meighan very rarely takes part in the six-day bicycle race.

Bebe Daniels makes it a practice never to pose for the "before and after" wrinkle ads.

Eugene O'Brien, strange as it may seem, prefers his Rolls to any Ford he ever saw.

Harold Lloyd, who otherwise is rather sensible, has never worn green shoes and red socks at the same time.

Countess Olga Petrova is seldom, if ever, seen in any of the Broadway shooting galleries trying to break clay pipes.

The meek seem to be having a pretty hard time trying to inherit the earth away from the profiteers.

It is not generally considered a sin to play poker but it is a sin to play it with some of the hands you get.



## For His Daughter's Sake

A man-to-man drama involving a woman

BY LISLE BELL

*The scene is a very modern, richly furnished private office. "Private" is printed on the frosted glass of the door, just to prove it. It is one of those offices designed to hide all evidences of business. The flat-top desk in the center of the room has nothing on it but a clean blotter, an ink-well, and a row of push-buttons, which the head of the firm presses whenever he wishes to scare one of the clerks in the outer office.*

*A conventional stenographer is typing in one corner. She wears five-dollar silk stockings, and a look of intelligence which couldn't have cost more than fifteen cents.*

*The door opens, and the head of the firm walks in, followed by a younger man. The head of the firm has reached an age when a good tailor is a necessity, and a game of tennis isn't. He is in the roaring forties. The other is about twenty-five.*

THE Boss—Good morning, Miss Keys.

The Girl—*(with her eye on the other man)* Morning, Mr. Krum.

The Boss—I have a private matter to talk over with this gentleman, Miss Keys. Would you mind taking your chewing gum outside?

*(The stenographer exits, and the two men sit down.)* Now, then, young man, how long have you known my daughter?

The Young Man—About four weeks, sir.

The Boss—Exactly! And what has been the extent of your acquaintanceship?

The Young Man—Three dozen American beauties, a bunch of violets, seven pounds of candy and around \$25 in taxi fares.

The Boss—Exactly! Well, what I wanted to tell you, young man, is this: You must marry her at once.

The Young Man—Marry her? Why, I hardly know her.

The Boss—So much the better!

The Young Man—But why should I marry her?

The Boss—*(firmly)* To make her an honest woman.

The Young Man—*(coldly)* As her father, I should think you would have attended to that.

The Boss—Don't try to evade the issue, sir. You and my daughter were guests at a house party a week ago. You compromised her, and you've got to marry her.

The Young Man—Compromised her? You mean, because I went swimming with her when she wore nothing but a one-piece bathing suit?

The Boss—*(impatiently)* Certainly not. That was quite proper. What else should she have had on?

The Young Man—Then you mean because we went walking one moon-light night, and got lost in the woods, and didn't get home until 2 a. m.?

The Boss—Certainly not. Anyone's liable to get lost.

The Young Man—Then you mean because I was discovered kissing her in the arbor?

The Boss—Don't be absurd. Those things will happen. They're quite harmless.

The Young Man—Then you must refer to the time I walked into her room by accident, because the butler misdirected me to my room.

The Boss—Oh, that? A mere trifle—don't mention it.

The Young Man—Well, why on earth must I marry the poor girl?

The Boss—Because, sir, her husband skipped out day before yesterday and left her flat—and I'll be derved if I'm going to have her back on my hands again.

The Young Man—Very good, sir. I accept your offer. But first I'll have to get my wife's consent.

*(They shake hands like true business men, while The Curtain falls.)*

Some day we may have a woman for President, and yet they say politics will destroy happiness in the home. Why, a woman with a \$75,000 job would make any husband happy.

The worst thing about hard words is that they come so easy.



## Who's Who and What's What in Pictures

"Ray."—Awfully glad to hear from you again. You are quite right, Mabel Norman does seem to be wasting her talent in recent pictures, but perhaps she will wake up and try to turn out another "Mickey." Of course you realize, it is not always the star's fault that she has such poor material, and their one wish is to please their public.

Lillian.—Yes, Earl Metcalfe is still in pictures. The reason you missed him for so long is that he was in the Army during the recent war.

L. B.—Montague Love played opposite Geraldine Farrar in "The Riddle: Woman." Yes, Bertha Kalich played the lead in the play.

"Tatler" Reader.—No, Bebe Daniels is not married. You are right she is attractive, but then there are still some attractive women who have not taken a leap in the dark and if they wish to remain attractive they will not leap.

Jess.—You can address George LeGuere at 8 W. 107th Street, New York City. He did play with Margaret Anglin in "A Woman of No Importance."

Movie Fan.—Yes, Robert Harron is dead. He accidentally shot himself on September 5th. It is a pity as he certainly was a wonderful chap.

Loretta.—Ina Claire is still playing in "The Gold Diggers" and from all indications will remain in New York throughout the winter.

Helen G.—Carmel Meyers latest picture is "The Orchid," which will be released shortly.

Vamps.—I cannot tell you when Theda Bara will return to the screen. However, I do not think it will be in Fox pictures. It is said that she is to retire.

Wm. G.—You will soon see William Faversham in a new picture, "The Sin That Was His" is the title of it.

Ellen.—Louise Glaum's next picture will be "Love," by J. Parker Reed. You are right, she is becoming more popular all the time.

J. D.—Corinne Griffith is married to Webster Campbell and I haven't heard a thing about there being a divorce in that family. I am afraid you have been misinformed.

C. M. B.—Anna Q. Nielsen is very blonde. You are quite right, she was an artist's model at one time and also married to Gus Coombs. He has dropped out of the limelight as you say, it is difficult to say if he will come back as strong as before.

Jeanette.—Claire Adams is very lovely to look at. She is a Canadian by birth and has lived in Canada and England most of her life. We shall probably see her as a star before long, she certainly is worthy of stardom.

Chappie.—So you have a little dog by the name of "Trippy" and would like to give him to one of the film stars. I will try and find you a home for "Trippy."

Wuss.—Mae Murray is married. No, she has no children.

F. W.: Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters.

J. E. D.: Eugene O'Brien in "The Figure Head," Ora Carew in "Blind Youth," Madge Kennedy in "Dollars and Sense," and Gladys Brockwell in "White Lies."

Blue Eyes: Elliott Dester will return to the screen in "Something to Think About" which will be released by Famous-Players Lasky Corporation shortly.

G. M. H.: Conway Tearle is now appearing in Selznick pictures, his first picture for that company being "Marooned Hearts".





HAVE YOU  
MET OUR  
TWINS ?



“  
**MARGIE**  
”

BORN ABOUT FOUR WEEKS AGO  
AND ADOPTED BY EVERY ORCHESTRA  
LEADER AND SINGER IN THE COUNTRY

“  
**JUNE**  
”

( I LOVE NO ONE BUT YOU )

ASK YOUR FAVORITE ORCHESTRA TO PLAY THEM.  
ASK YOUR FAVORITE SINGER TO SING THEM.

FOR SALE AT ALL MUSIC STORES

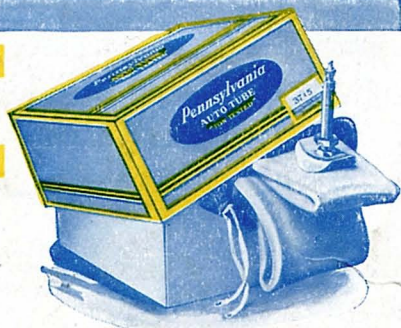
**WATERSON BERLIN & SNYDER CO.**  
STRAND THEATRE BUILDING N.Y.

Barbelle



# FREE

## for January



Substantial price reductions became effective on Vacuum Cup Tires on November 10, 1920.

Notwithstanding this, we propose to give thoughtful motorists additional opportunity to prove for themselves, in the most economical manner, the fact that

***The Vacuum Cup Tread will not skid on wet or greasy pavements!***

For the month of January, Vacuum Cup dealers throughout the United States are authorized to give, absolutely free of charge—

***One Pennsylvania "Ton***

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. of AMERICA, Jeannette, Pa.

*Direct Factory Branches and Service Agencies Throughout the United States and Canada*  
Export Department, Woolworth Building, New York City

***Tested" Tube of corresponding size with every regular Vacuum Cup Cord or Fabric Tire purchased!***

Start the New Year right. Equip your car with four Vacuum Cup Tires. Know that definite immunity from skidding on wet, slippery pavements which thousands of other prudent Vacuum Cup Tire users enjoy the year round.

If you cannot secure prompt service locally, write to the Factory at Jeannette, Pa., and your order will be filled, carrying charges prepaid anywhere in the United States.

# V Pennsylvania VACUUM CUP CORD TIRES



On August 25, 1920, at San Francisco, Vacuum Cup Tires *withstood the test of rounding a wet, slippery corner at thirty-five miles an hour* in the Safety First demonstration—the feature event of the third annual convention of the National Traffic Officers' Association.

Think what such non-skid safety means to you and to those who ride in your car